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Mordheim: City of the damned



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Chapter 1 by Adam

In the year 1142 there was a sighting of a great comet in the sky, a Twin Tailed Comet, the sign of Sigmar. Many astronomers predicted the return of Sigmar, and that he would arrive in Mordheim. Massive amounts of people from all corners of the Empire started to travel towards Mordheim, filling the city far beyond its capacity. The morals of the city quickly degenerated into almost nothing, everyone was living a hedonistic life in anarchy, and as more and more people arrived in Mordheim the situation only got worse and worse. When this happened, the seeds of chaos and corruption started to spread among the new citizens of Mordheim, and it wasn't long until daemons walked the streets.

It happened on New Years Eve, the comet fell, but it was not the return of Sigmar as predicted. The comet smashed into the city, instantly turning it to rubble and brutally killing everyone who had gathered in and around it. The Survivors speculated that Sigmar had passed his judgement on the people living in the city, killing them for their unworth.

After this event, the place of Mordheim became a place of great fear and paranoia. Word spread about a mysterious stone that was located in the city, know as the Wyrdstone. Many

factions of the world would pay a gigantic sum of money in return for the stone. Many warbands began traveling to Mordheim, calling it The City of the Damned, with hopes to find the precious stone.

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Sister Of Sigmar are there already to guard it. Looks like we'll have to go through them.

Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



The city met us with thunder and lightning. No, not some high-class wizardry, but your old-fashioned thunderstorm and heavy rain. Bad for reconnaissance and mood.

As a result we've holed up in a basement of some ruined tower near what used to be a south gate into the city, Duncan and Tori first to keep watch outside in the street.

Glum mood, glum muted conversations, talk of demons. I've caught some quick shut-eye before it was my turn to watch. Outside, it was still pouring out an ocean. Yat, my watch partner, always hated mages, I've learnt my lesson and do not talk to him unless in dire need; and I wouldn't have to, if it wasn't for a loud thud that shook the ground a little.

Yat stirred, peering into darkness.

"Bonk!" the ground shook again, this time harder. "Bonk!"

"Raise the alarm," I told Yat. He nodded. "I'll go scout"

If I've waited for our leader's orders, I'd be scouting too, but with some ranger as a tail. Won't have that. As long as I don't bump into someone in the darkness I'll be fine, my cloak of invisibility would be a perfect disguise in the pouring rain.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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The "Cult Of The Possessed Attack the warband's campsite

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